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The oldest daily paper in the city, an extensively read throughout the central portion of the State, by business men, and all other classes, it offers inducements to advertisers as the best medium through which to reach the public.



TO SUBSCRIBERS We have adopted and will strictly adhere to the following rules: All subscriptions for the WEEKLY BAZOO must be paid for in advance.

JEWISH HOLIDAYS. Yesterday was the Jewish New Year, and the Israelites in every land under the sun celebrated it as a holiday.

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DIVORCE SUITS. It has been several times announced in the BAZOO that our circuit court docket was literally crowded with divorce cases.

A working men's party without a working man in it, is one of the political anomalies of Ohio.

Crazy Horse was no "scrub." He had his eccentric ways, but he was a thoroughbred from the hoof up.

Howard's head is nearly as large as a regimental drum. That's the reason Howard is a sound military man.

Brigham obstinately refused to Ann Elize his feeling while making his will, and his nineteenth relict was forgotten.

Tilden, they say, is in love with a French widow. That old man will get into trouble if he can't come home.

An English clergyman thinks that "Patti" will be drowned in crossing the sea." He forgets that a diva can't be drowned.

Mrs. Brigham Young had to walk to her husband's funeral. There wasn't hack enough in Salt Lake to carry her.

Hungary is arguing Austria to war, but Francis Joseph reflects that all his people may be hungry if he consents to it.

New Orleans is to celebrate the 14th of September—a day of deliverance which didn't deliver.

It is now in order for the rural paragon to discourse upon the fair attendance at the fairs.

A sewing machine is never what it seems. How can it be when its so much in female society.

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Written for the Sunday Morning BAZOO. DIVORCE SUITS. From a Woman's Standpoint.

There are seven of these suits awaiting the judgment of the court.—DAILY BAZOO.

First, John is rather sweet—at times— Upon our next-door neighbor's wife— She writes, you know, he courts her rhythm— Are true and touching, true to life— He leads the beauty of her hair—

Second, John is rather sweet—at times— Upon our next-door neighbor's wife— She writes, you know, he courts her rhythm— Are true and touching, true to life— He leads the beauty of her hair—

Third, John is rather sweet—at times— Upon our next-door neighbor's wife— She writes, you know, he courts her rhythm— Are true and touching, true to life— He leads the beauty of her hair—

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Seventh, John is rather sweet—at times— Upon our next-door neighbor's wife— She writes, you know, he courts her rhythm— Are true and touching, true to life— He leads the beauty of her hair—

PHANTOM OF THE GEYSER. A Remarkable Curiosity of Nature and its Connection with an Indian Superstition.—A Wonder of the Yellowstone Basin.

It may not be uninteresting to the readers of the BAZOO to have told them something regarding one of the most remarkable curiosities of the Wonderland of the North-West.

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of the assassin, she fled toward the bluff, over which she leaped with a shriek of horror that rung far and wide over the rugged hills.

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Written for the Sunday Morning BAZOO. MY FIRST LOVE. BY ROSA FRANK.

"Was she brunette or was she blonde?" "Ah! she was neither I think, But the cheek that I kissed was of velvet, And a dimple hid in its pink.

"Her hair?" "Silken threads of the sunshine— Or like like the sky with its blue— But I'd rather the spots of a lifetime— To smooth ones, just now more, its gold.

"Her eyes?" "Just you gazed in a basket— With fringes of willow above— Have you noted their shadows fall lightly— Well, thus, looked the eyes of my love.

"I know not if I had their color— Or if like the sky with its blue— They swept all my heart chords with music— So what does it matter their hue—

"I loved?" "Never would I hope my darling— Perhaps even better than God— No matter if staid, 'twas human— 'Twas she who stole my heart from God.

"And I—wood and wicketed another— But 'twas till I journeyed home— Still men's eyes of her I forgot— My last one, my previous first love.

"A DANGEROUS RUNAWAY. Two Ladies and a Babe Thrown From a Buggy and Seriously Injured.

Yesterday evening Mrs. D. T. Hartshorn and Mrs. Thos. W. Cloney, were out riding in a two horse buggy, when by accident the lines got under the horse's tail, which was sore from the too tight use of the crupper.

MUG'S CAPTURE

The Local of the Democrat Makes an Important Discovery, and Arrests a Repeating Thief, A Bohemian's Luck.

He arrived in Sedalia on Friday about two o'clock p. m., and said he was a bird and that he was tired and wanted to get back to jail.

"This was the speech made to 'Mug' by a tramp. 'Well, stranger, this is a hard world, but by-the-way, how are you healed?' Interrogated 'Mug'.

The two adjourned to a neighboring saloon, when the tramp told 'Mug' he was a fugitive from justice—that he broke jail in Kansas, and he desired to be introduced to the sheriff of Pettis county, that he might get back to his old quarters and be happy.

'Mug' volunteered his services and took the tramp to the County jail, when he told his story and the sheriff locked him up and telegraphed to Topeka and received an answer.

TO HOLD THE MAN. Yesterday a BAZOO reporter waited on the fugitive from justice in the county jail, and he told the following STORY OF HIMSELF:

"I was born in Atchison county, Kansas, and have lived in Buchanan county, Missouri, and afterwards in Jefferson county, Kansas, where my parents reside. My name is William May, and my age is twenty-one. I was arrested and had a preliminary examination in Jefferson county, charged with stealing a watch. Jefferson county has no jail, and I was sent to Topeka jail for."

HAVE KEPT HIM. On Saturday the 25th of August, about one o'clock p. m., while the watchman was engaged in repairing the jail, three of us made our escape, and struck East. A man named Singleton and myself came together so far as Rock Nester, Mo., where we separated several days ago. I walked from Le-Monte into Sedalia. I expected to find Singleton here in the calaboose, but did not. He had been there but had gone. Singleton was charged with two cases of horse stealing, three of burglary, two cases of jail breaking previous to this—in one of which he knocked the jailer down, and also was charged with passing \$1,500.

I am certain I can get caught in the charge of watch stealing, and I want to go back. I was a fool for ever leaving, but I had rather go back and stand my trial, than to be dodging all my life.

NEWSLETTER

was arrested a few days ago with some other of the tramps found at Heber's mill, and fined \$200. He could not pay the fine and was sent to the reformatory which he made his escape on Thursday morning last, by signing sickness. He left for parts unknown. There is a reward of \$300 offered by the Kansas authorities for May's arrest as well as the arrest of Singleton. The chances are that "Mug" will take in the \$300 for May.

Nervous Debility, Loss of Vital Energy, Seminal Weakness, Etc., Cured.

Dr. CONNAUGHTON'S DEAR SIR: When I first employed your skill I was indeed a sufferer with all those ills that follow the violation of those laws of our existence, the abuse of which leave their terrible tale too plainly told. My memory was impaired, my body was nearly ruined, I had a general languor, nervous debility, irregular starting, and wasting dreams, weakness of the back, floating scales before the eyes, sometimes like webs, forgetfulness, inability to concentrate my mind, awful forebodings, desire to avoid company, dull heavy feelings—I was wasting away and despondent. I have been using your wonderful remedies for three months, and have regained by former vitality and vigor. My body and my mind are improved—I am, indeed, a new being with nearly all my former vigorous mind and body. I am now able to pursue my theological studies, and feel that I am a man again, and know how to shun in the future that awful secret habit which would have ruined me but for your skill. I am your friend, HENRY L. JENNINGS. My address next year will be Yale College.

A Swindler Overhauled and Set Afoot. A man named James W. Walton who had been stopping recently at his step-father's (named Anderson), near Vernon, Lawrence county, undertook to swindle Millip & Bro., of that place, out of a wagon by representing that he wanted it to take.

LOAD OF PEACHES to camp meeting. Instead of this, however he loaded up his step-father's family, and started for Arkansas. In Millip learning of his flight, started in pursuit, overhauling the party in Barry county, near the Arkansas line, one night of August 24th. A compromise was effected, Millip taking the wagon, team and harness, and leaving the Walton outfit his horse and saddle, with which to continue their journey to Arkansas.

From Rev. J. G. Gilson, an Eminent Divine of Crawford, Georgia. Dr. F. W. Connaughton: Dear Sir:—Yours of the 10th inst., inquiring as to the result of your treatment of my throat affection, four years ago, was received yesterday. In reply, it affords me great pleasure to be able to say, that in four weeks after you began your treatment, my voice, which was well-nigh lost, was entirely restored, and I seem to be cured, as all the unfavorable symptoms were removed. Since that time I have had three partial attacks, with a return of only part of the old symptoms, which were promptly arrested by the application of your remedies as directed. I have gone through the past year without a relapse. Wishing you abundant success in your efforts to relieve the suffering, I remain, Most respectfully yours, J. G. Gilson.

The Diamond Fishes all the more beautiful for its beautiful setting. So that just the kind, when contained in its own body, the body made beautiful by health, exhibits more generally its wonderful qualities. And these desires to enjoy that high degree of health which your blood maintains, should use Dr. Ball's Blood Mixer.

Two Eminent Politicians Appealing to the Merciless Code. The country will learn with a thrill of terror that two eminent citizens of Missouri, indignantly at real or supposed injuries, are about to meet upon the field of honor, and lay down their lives in defence of their many characteristics, which are the inevitable result of "the noble minded and long descended" politician. Nor will this shock to the sensibilities of the State be lessened when the announcement is made that these eminent combatants are Col. Harrison B. Branch and State Auditor Holliday; the subject matter of the dispute being an associated press dispatch concerning the Auditor for withholding papers connected with the Hannibal & St. Joe railroad case, which is attributed by the hostile Auditor to the fire-acting Colonel from St. Joseph. But what matters it about the cause? The blood of the cavaliers is up, and well might either exclaim: "Who dares these boots displace Shall meet Bombastes back to face," They both come of a race who wear swallow tail coats.

AND EAT FIRE. One grew from the bosom of "the dark and bloody ground," and the other first blinked his infantile eyes on the historic banks of Jesse river, on F. V. V. bogged air, and pranced to own it! They "cham" their own tobacco, and ask no man for favor. A hostile encounter between such combatants is no trivial matter. It smacks of the villainous odor of saltpetre, of rosewood coffee.

AND CONSUMERS INQUIRY. Those who have read with kindling eyes and glowing imaginations the stern encounter of Prince Hal and Harry Percy, can witness in this nineteenth century a revival of the chivalrous ardor of bygone days. The brave and daring will feel that the Hotspur spirit survives upon the classic waters of the Ouga, and if not arrested in their chivalrous career by an intervention of Providence or the accidents of fortune, there will be

A GORY SPECTACLE for which the world affords no modern parallels, unless indeed it be an encounter between blind jockeys. May the BAZOO be there to see it.

Notice of a Distinguished Citizen. Jefferson City Tribune: Through friends we learn that Col. A. Ladd, a prominent citizen of Mexico, and at one time Sheriff of Andrus county, committed suicide yesterday morning by shooting himself through the head. Our informant says there were numerous rumors in circulation in regard to the cause of this sad and rash act, but they were unable to trace any of them to a reliable source.

A TOWN GIRL. were murdered by the avenger. Craved by light and seeking only to escape the fury